

The Page



Hackbridge

Volume Two
Number One.

THE

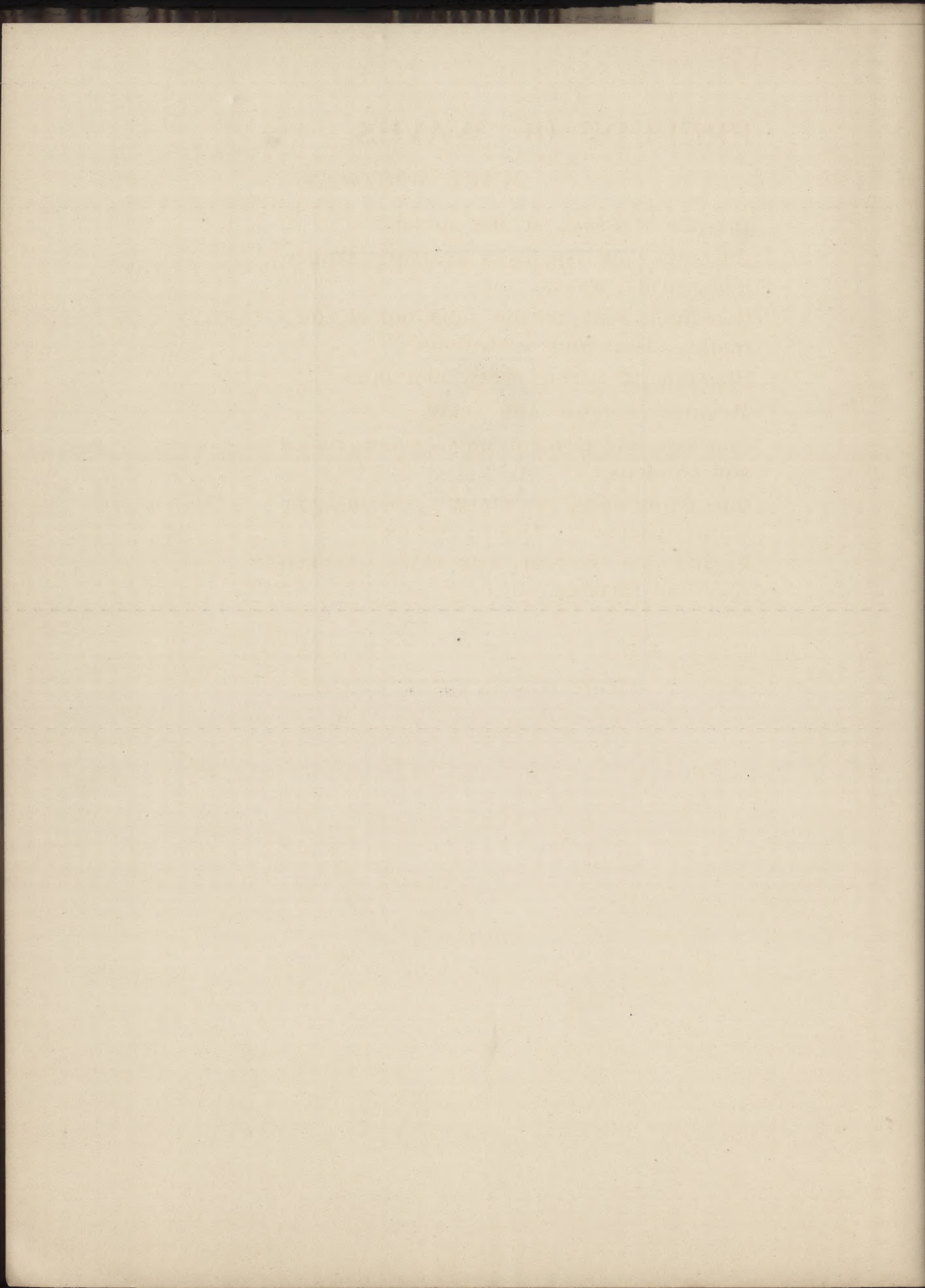


HACHETTE

VOLUME TWO
NUMBER TWO



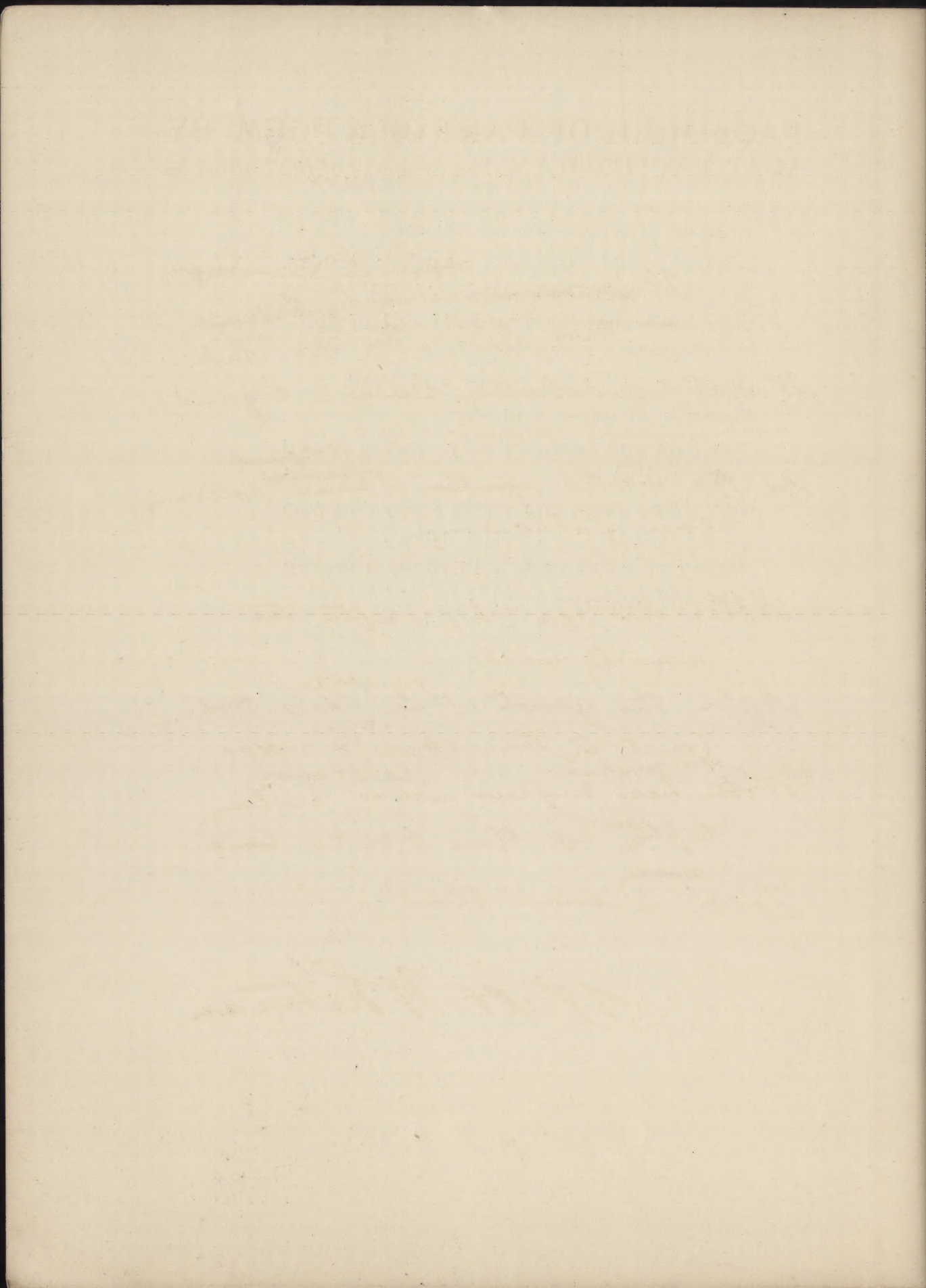
BOOKPLATE, THE PROPERTY OF MISS GISSY LOFTUS. G.C.



PRELUDE OF WAVES.

WALT WHITMAN.

Prelude of waves at the outset
Currents and ripples of starting, tender,
and pensive waves,
Overtures sent to the solid out of the
liquid—kisses and salutations
Blending of varied ocean and land—
Melange of prose and verse
(Not safe and peaceful only—waves rous'd
and ominous,
Out of the deep, the storm's abysm—who
knows whence? Deaths waves,
Raging over the vast, with many a broken
spar and tattered sail.)



FACSIMILE OF PART OF A POEM BY
WALT WHITMAN. *The Property of the Editor.* ♣

~~Waves, undulating waves~~ ^{After the Sea Ship}
~~Waves, undulating waves~~
~~Waves, undulating waves~~
Waves, undulating waves - liquid,
uneven waves,
In the ^{ships} wake of the ~~fleet~~ ^{? vessel} following,
ever following.

²
After the Sea Ship - after the
whistly winds,
After the great white ^{grey} sails, ~~but~~
taut to their spars & ropes,
^{Below the myriads,} ~~With~~ ^{hastening} ~~the~~ myriads waves, ^{hastening}
lifting up their necks, bent
Tide in swift flow

Walt Whitman

WILLIAMSBURG, VA. 1871

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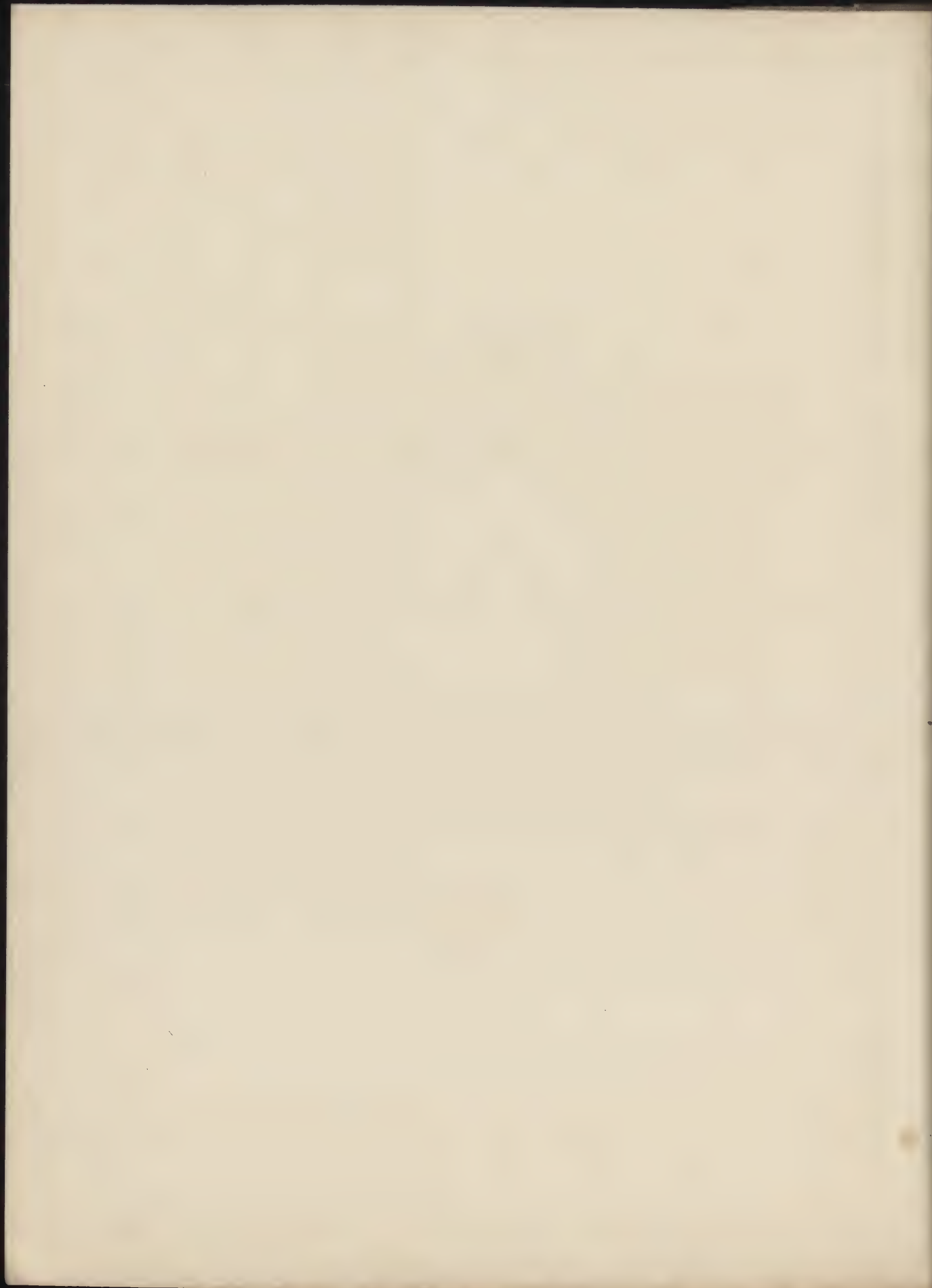
WILLIAMSBURG, VA. 1871

WILLIAMSBURG, VA. 1871



BOOKPLATE, THE PROPERTY OF OLIVER BATH.

G.C.



AFTER THE SEA SHIP.



WALT WHITMAN.

Waves, undulating waves—liquid, uneven waves,
In the ship's wake following, ever following
After the sea-ship—after the whistling winds,
After the white-gray sails, taut to their spars
and ropes,
Below a myriad myriad waves, hastening, lifting
up their necks,
Tending in swift flow toward the track left by
the ship;
Endless waves of the ocean, bubbling and gurgling,
blithely prying, flashing and frolicsome under the
sun,
Toward that whirling current, laughing and buoyant,
with curves,
Where the great vessel, sailing and tacking, displaced
the surface;
Larger and smaller waves, the spread of the ocean,
yearnfully flowing,
A motley procession, with many a fleck of foam,
and many fragments
In the wake of the sea-ship, long and long after
she had passed
Gathering, tremulous, joyously following.

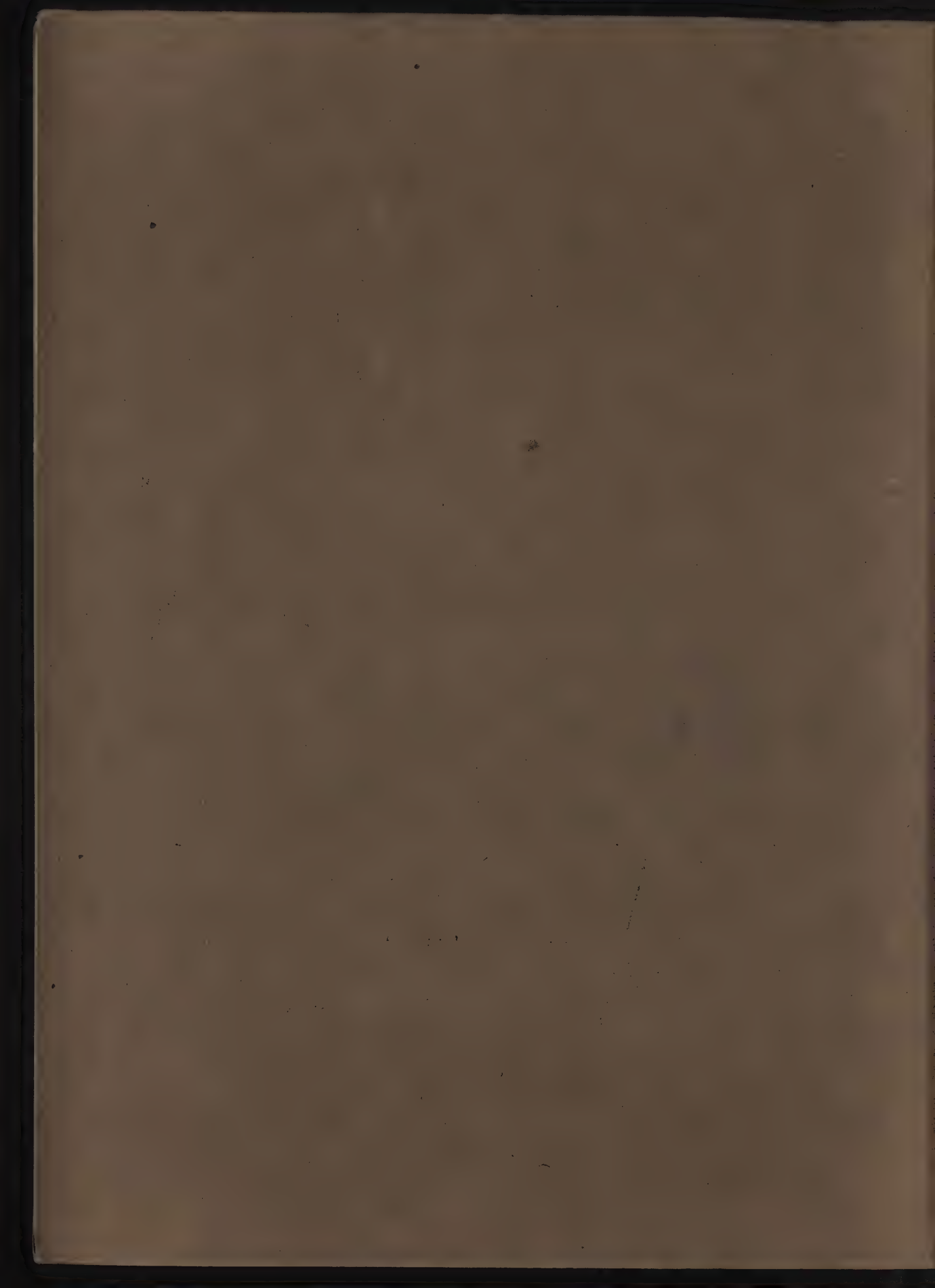






THOUGHTS APT, HANDS BLACK . . ."

DESIGNED AND ENGRAVED BY OLIVER BATH



EDWARD ARDEN AND THE MUSIC OF THE FUTURE. ♣

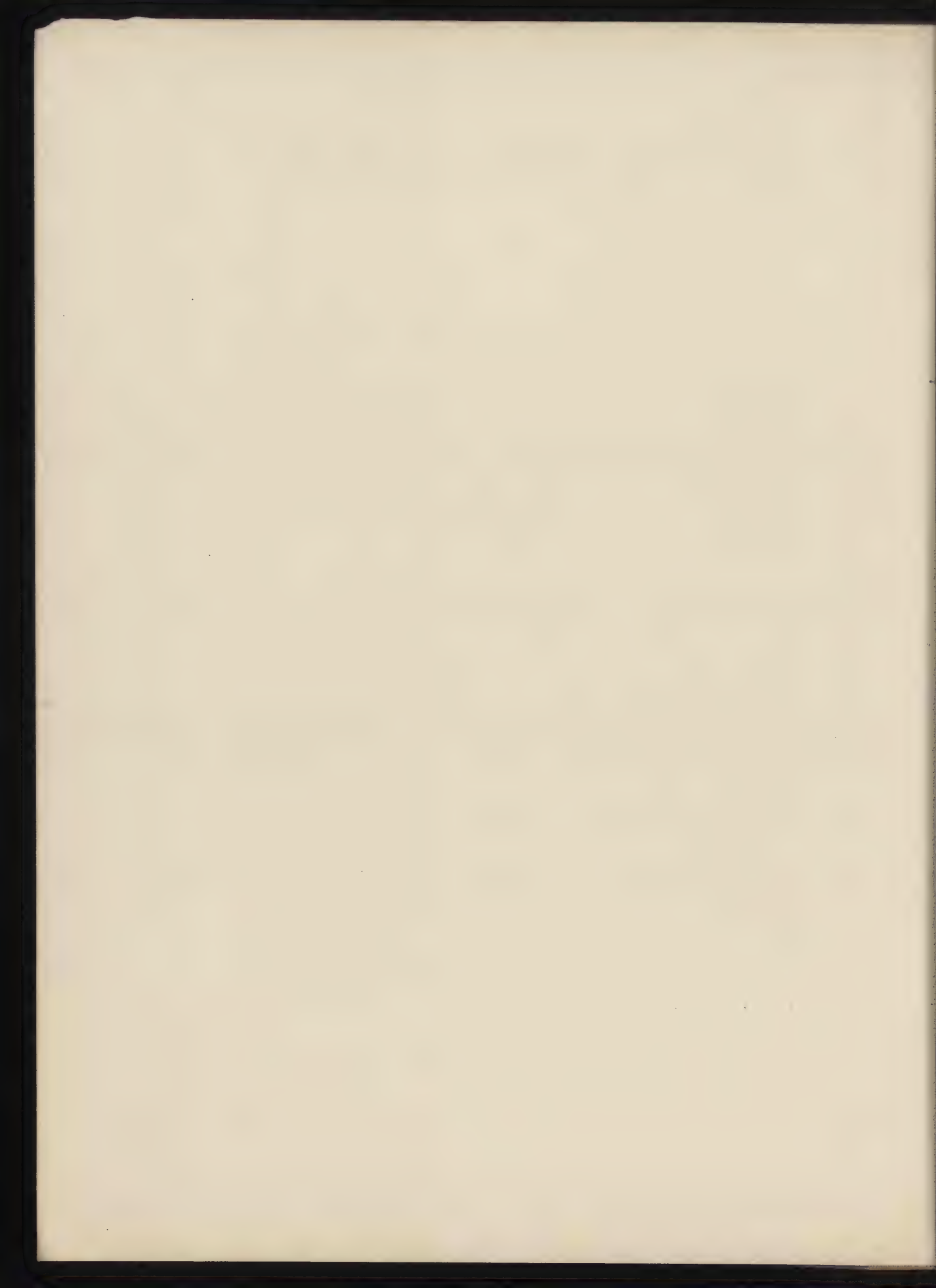
A HARMONY IN MILK AND WATER. ♣

Almack's, Aqueducts, and the Arteries are wonderful things to hear of and to know about, and I have heard of Almack's. It was a tavern. They call it Willis's Rooms to-day. I suppose that is because Mr. Almack died, and Harry Willis lives. However, when Almack lived, Almack's flourished, and although the moon changed then as it does now, there was no ebb in the wine tide. And so Almack's was, is, and always will be, a wonderful place. ♣

I have heard about the Arteries, but I cannot believe all I hear. I am told that some of the ladies in London are of such high birth that they blush blue.

Aqueducts I prefer not to go too deeply into. Now these three things contain what is best, and at the same time not unnecessary to the well-being of the human race. Still there is something lacking, and if I were asked to what other cause I attributed this well being, I should reply, "Fiddlesticks." ♣ ♣ ♣ ♣

Drawn with difficulty unimpaired from the obedient tail of the horse, and with further pains attached to a bow of spruce wood, the fiddlestick lingering on the pieces stolen with ease from the innermost recesses of the cat, can produce thence sounds to which any creature except a bird would listen. Poor puss, who has lived on nag's flesh, collaborating with the eaten, once more makes her debut, and conquers with the cries of her entrails the licentiousness of death. ♣ ♣ ♣



And fiddlesticks are made every day. So are reputations. Yesterday we were applauding Beethoven and Paganini, to-day we encore Sarasate and imitate Wagner, and to-morrow we shall be greeting with Bravos Edward Arden, the Creator of the Music of the Future. ♣ ♣ ♣

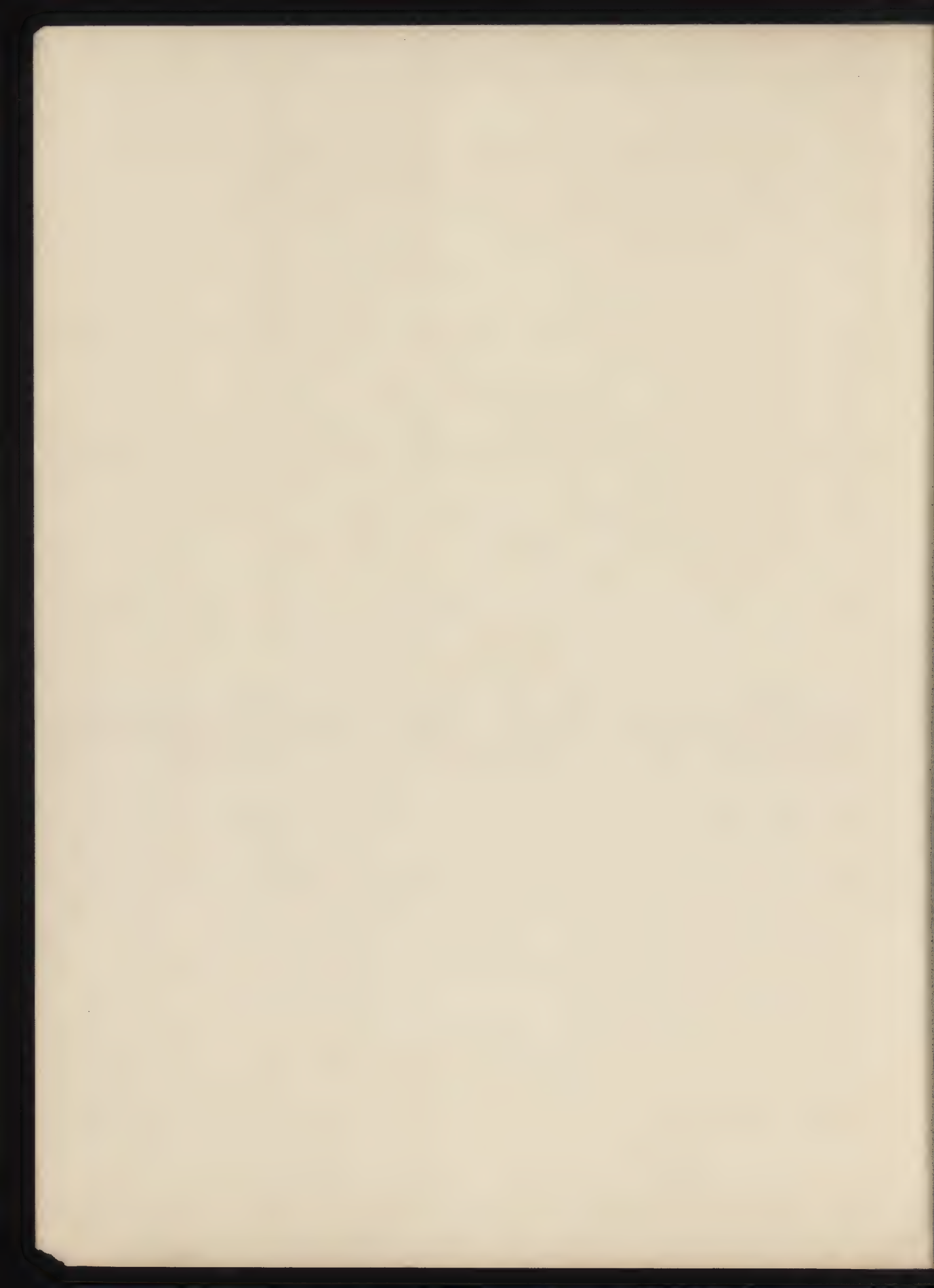
Edward Lordo Arden was born at Stratford-on-Avon at an early age in 1863. By 1869 he had already mastered the difficulties of counterpoint. He was obliged to leave Stratford in 1883 for fleecing sheep, and it was only as late as the autumn of 1884 that he composed his Nocturne in B minor. When starting to write he always takes some lines of verse or prose, round which to weave his ideas into tones. Thus in the Nocturne of 1884 he borrows these lines: ♣ ♣

“As he had often done before
The woolly headed Blackamoor.”

This nocturne lies before us, and we will now, whilst thinking of other things, turn our attention to its beauties. ♣ ♣ ♣

The work although robust in suggestion is a genuine piece of melodramatic subtlety, infinitely elegant and producing a sensation at once profound and pleasant. And yet not pleasant. Unpleasant would be a fitter word—the unpleasantness of youth, ever twisting from the north to the south. The bass, as of the west wind, mingles with the perfumed zephyrs of the treble east—and lazily turns from a moderato movement into an awkward presto suggestive of a tempest that blows S.S. by E. ♣

The first note, profound in its pathos, gives us at once a clue to the whole work. It starts on D sharp.



Thrice does the note sound. It is as if Possibility had become Fact, Fact Fiction, and Truth Beauty. Close on the heels of this keynote, swift to follow in rapid alliteration, a series of D's echo the profundity of the eternal night, which burst on us in its sibilant boom at the commencement. Gently, collectively, yet with a bell-like utterance, the bass and treble become embroiled; a tossing and turbulent question confronts us—we stand as one dismayed. The profound master has led us to the very brink of delirium and deliverance. The inevitable faces the abominable. Then, as if by magic, the sky clears, once more do we hear the sound of flutes, a flood of light stirs our senses, the Master has enlightened for us all the depths that we groped in, and tolerance facing the insignificant, offers to this man of genius—a wreath of everlastings. ♣

S. D.



My Johnnie was a Shoemaker:

Old Words. New Music by Edward Arden.

Vivace

ben marcato

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It begins with a piano introduction marked 'Vivace ben marcato'. The first vocal line includes the lyrics 'My Johnnie was a shoe-ma-ker And dearly loved me My Johnnie was a shoe'. The second vocal line continues with 'maker But now he's gone to sea With nasty pitch to soil his hands & sail a-cross the'. The third vocal line starts with 'sea' and repeats 'My Johnnie was a Shoe-ma-ker'. The piano accompaniment features various musical notations including 'p', 'dim.', 'cres.', 'st.', 'rall.', and 'a tempo'.

To.



His jacket was of deep sky blue,
And curly was his hair;
His jacket was of deep sky blue—
It was, I do declare.
To reef the topsail now he's gone,
And sail across the sea.
My Johnnie was a shoe—ma—ker...

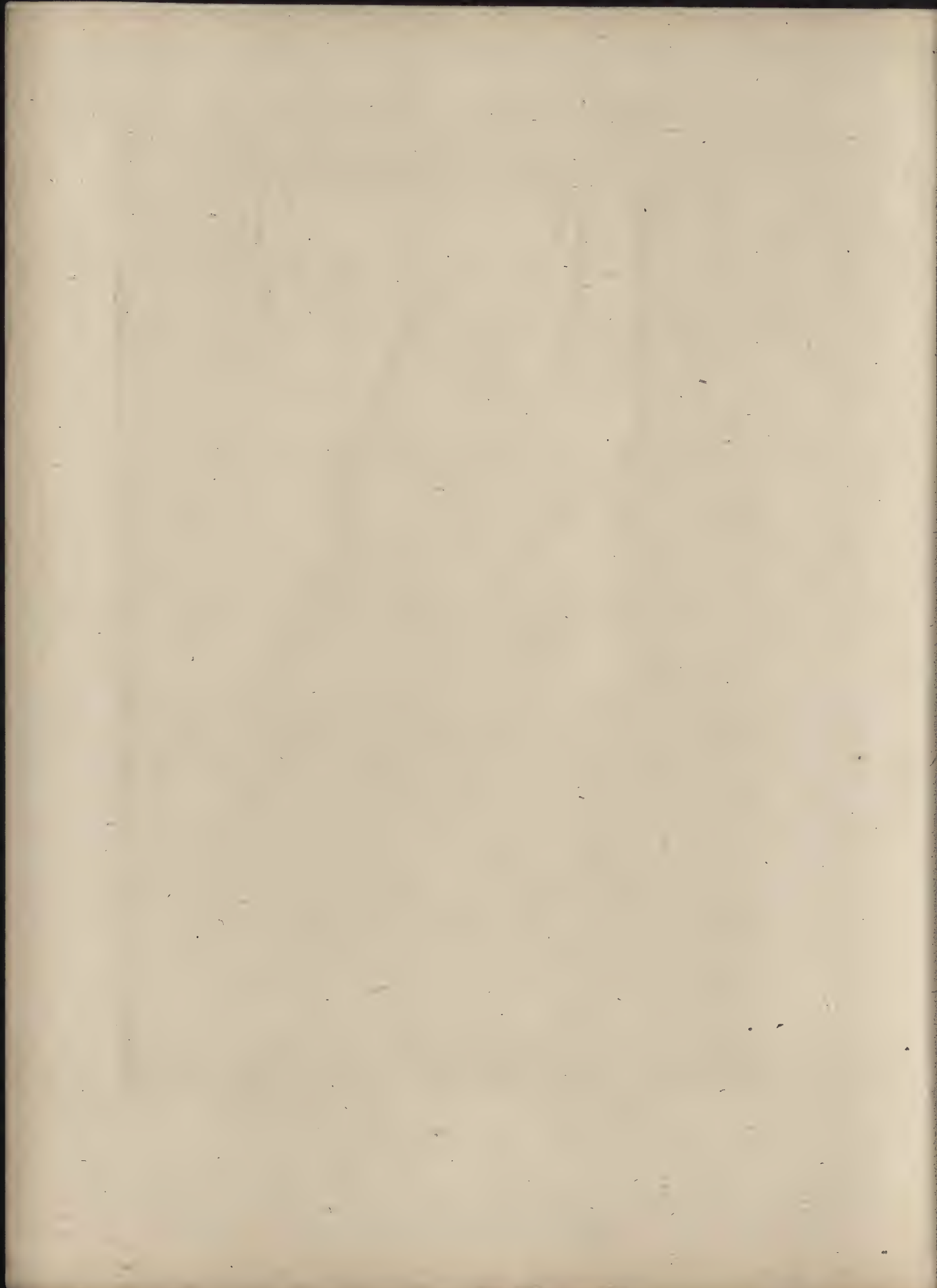
And he will be a captain bye and bye,
With a brave and gallant crew;
And he will be a captain bye and bye,
With a sword and spy-glass too.
And when he is a captain bold,
He'll come and marry me.
O, my Johnnie was a shoe—ma—ker...






"FOR WHAT WE ARE ABOUT TO RECEIVE . . ."


DESIGNED AND ENGRAVED BY OLIVER BATH



CONCERNING CONFECTIONERY.

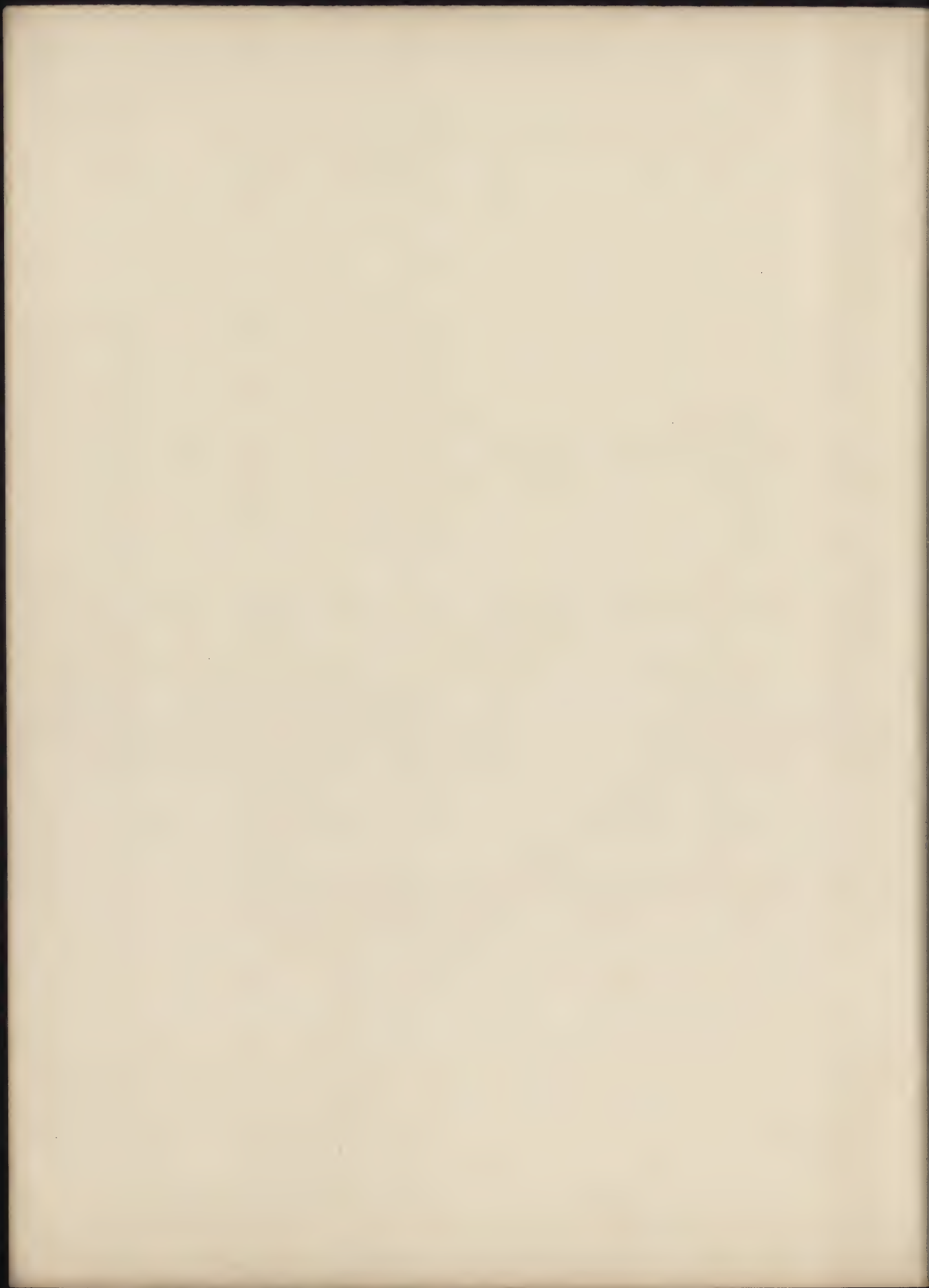
BY GUGLIELMO JARRIN, ORNAMENTAL CONFECTIONER AT MESSRS. GUNTER'S, IN THE REIGN OF KING GEORGE FOURTH. 

OF GRASS, AND SMALL TREES, OR BUSHES.

There are different means of imitating trees and bushes; a sprig of thyme must be the body of the tree, to which must be fixed leaves of pistachios, or coloured almonds, cut to the size you want them, or leaves of gum paste made in a wooden mould; others with almond paste forced through a sieve, but the prettiest are those of candy, coloured green. For these last prepare some handsome twigs of thyme, take a candy box, five or six inches deep, according to the size of your trees; tie strings of pack thread across it, to which you suspend your twigs, taking care they do not touch each other. Boil to the blow (see No. 7, "*PAGE*" for August, 1898) sufficient syrup to fill the mould to the trunk of the tree; place it in the stove for six or eight hours; strain off the syrup as for candies, and you will have some pretty little trees. If you put them in candy a second time, they will come out ornamented with crystals extremely pleasing to the eye. 

ON MODELLING FLOWERS IN FINE GUM PASTE




Divide your paste into the principal colours, as white, red, blue, and yellow; and with these colours make the compounds green, violet, dark and pale orange, employing the colour nearest to



that of the flower you intend to represent. For example, to model a rose, you must have the calyx of the flower engraved in wood, and push it with paste coloured green; the heart you must model in yellow paste, fix it by a wire to the calyx, and with a little saffron, cut fine and moistened with gum arabic, imitate the seeds. Roll out your red paste very thin, and with a tin cutter cut out the leaves; take them singly, and with a modelling tool roll them in your hand as thin as nature; then take up the leaves, and fix them one by one round the heart. When you have fixed a sufficient quantity of leaves, push the calyx in the mould, and finish the whole so as to imitate nature in the best possible manner. (Child's play!)

PINKS.



It is more difficult to make pinks than roses, the variegated colours not being easily imitated. Roll your paste, as if you intended to make a ball; flatten it between your finger and thumb, put it on a marble, and with the modelling tool make stripes at random, declining toward the edges like the leaf; then fix it to the calyx or cup. The calyx must be formed with green paste, by rolling it in the form of an olive, and cutting it with the scissors at top and bottom, so as to make five or six marks like nature.  When your flowers are mounted, you will sprinkle them with red, by dipping a hair pencil in liquid carmine, and striking it over your finger. Stick the down or feather of a quill in the middle of the flower, that it may be a better imitation of nature.  





99

D'ARTAGNAN IN LONDON, 1649.

DESIGNED AND ENGRAVED BY EDWARD GORDON CRAIG





M. COQUELIN.



WILL ROTHENSTEIN.





THE LAST OF THE PIERROTS.




TO OUIDA.

The Corso was full, for it was the last day of Carnival and the hour was afternoon.  

Bright sunshine lit the streets but failed to warm them; on their shady side it was freezing, and a sharp breeze pricked its way through the thickest garments. Yet,—though the last day of Carnival had come,—there was no sign of revelry in the crowd that thronged the pavement. There was no obvious joy or laughter—no playful tricks or happy badinage—and certainly no attempt to make merry in mask or costume. The people simply stared and loitered. Everyone moved on a step at a time (there was nothing to wait for), only to loiter and stare afresh. Carriages passed in little groups of three or four. Their occupants looked bored, as though they were wondering how soon their “way” would take them up a quieter street. 

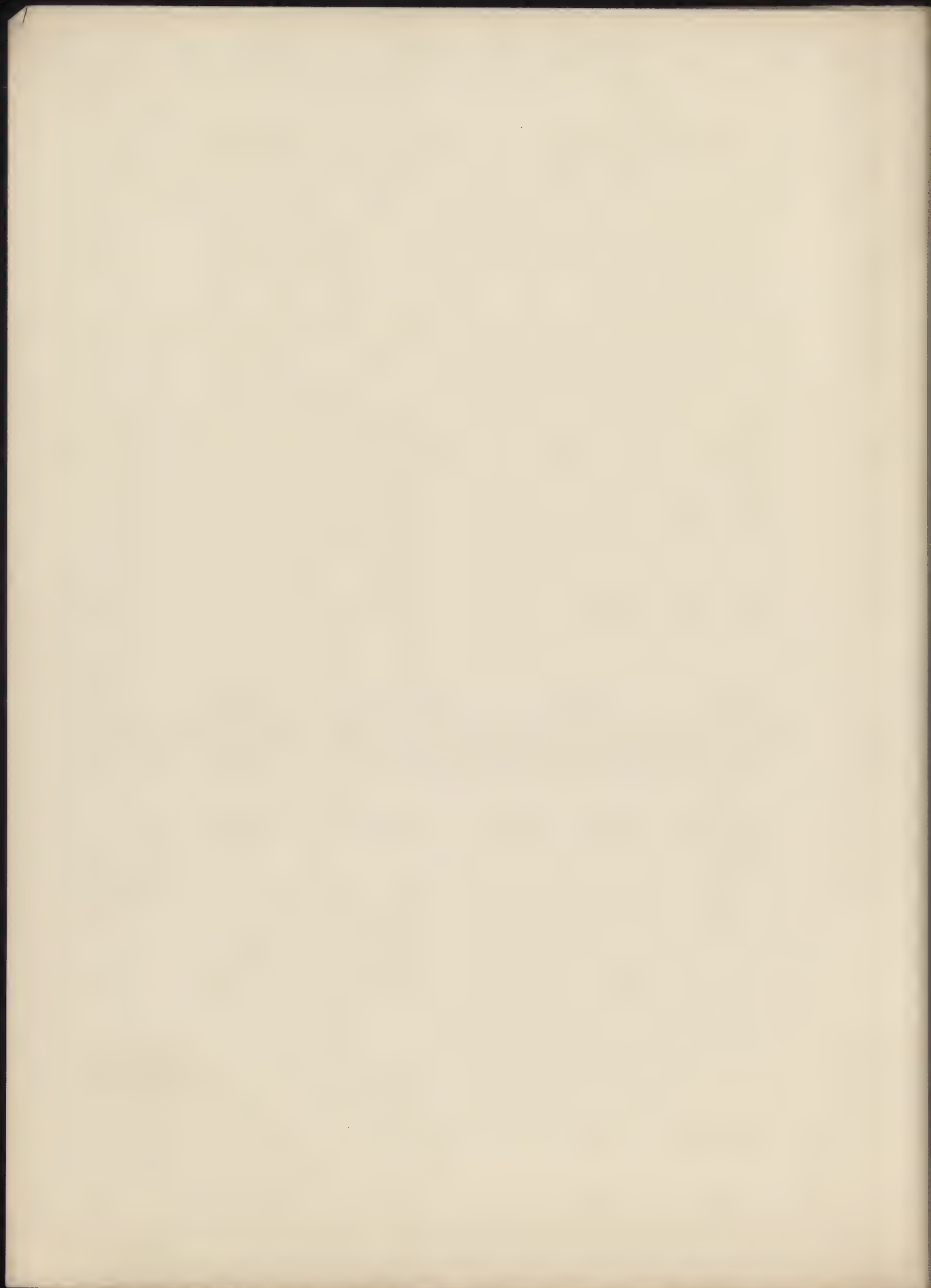
For years the Battle of Flowers had been no more than a tradition, announced by the Carnival Committee, assumed by sanguine visitors, and “kept” by a mob, which, exemplifying the phrase, “Autres temps, autres mœurs,” hurled cabbage stalks and muddy branches of greenery at its victims. 

Now, even this somewhat ghastly survival had died a natural death. The last cabbage stalk had been thrown a year or two previously, and you would as soon have expected to be showered with flowers in the Strand at a Lord Mayor’s Show, as in the Corso on this shivery and prosaic afternoon in February.  Nevertheless the loiterers had a vague feeling that there ought to be something more, if only to look



at. They felt in an instinctive sort of way that they were being defrauded. Surely someone might have provided some sort of show for them; especially as the happy tradition of themselves supplying it—for each other—had gradually died. The spirit of “Il Progresso” had killed all that. Yet though the Romans seem to worship the golden calf which United Italy has set up, with increasing prostration in proportion to its destruction of all that makes life lovable and joyous, there is still something rebellious and inconsistent in their blood which welcomes the slightest distraction by which they can make believe that the old times have not been wholly improved away. ♣ When therefore a single mask, a Pierrot, was seen coming down the street (somewhat dolefully it must be admitted), there were many heads turned in pleased anticipation. True! he neither joked nor frolicked. He hurried rather, as though he might be a little disconcerted at the publicity of his dress. Still! he was there, a real Pierrot—proving the species was not wholly extinct. The afternoon then had not been entirely wasted after all. ♣ So thought the people as the early sunset darkened into a chilly twilight, and they began to go homeward. For the “festival,” if custom still used the word, was over and done with. The last afternoon of the last Roman Carnival was ending. ♣ ♣ ♣

... ..
Angelo Vetrino had been born and brought up in Rome before her great emancipation. His boyhood had been spent in the old, dear days of her happy dirt and degradation. In his after exile he had

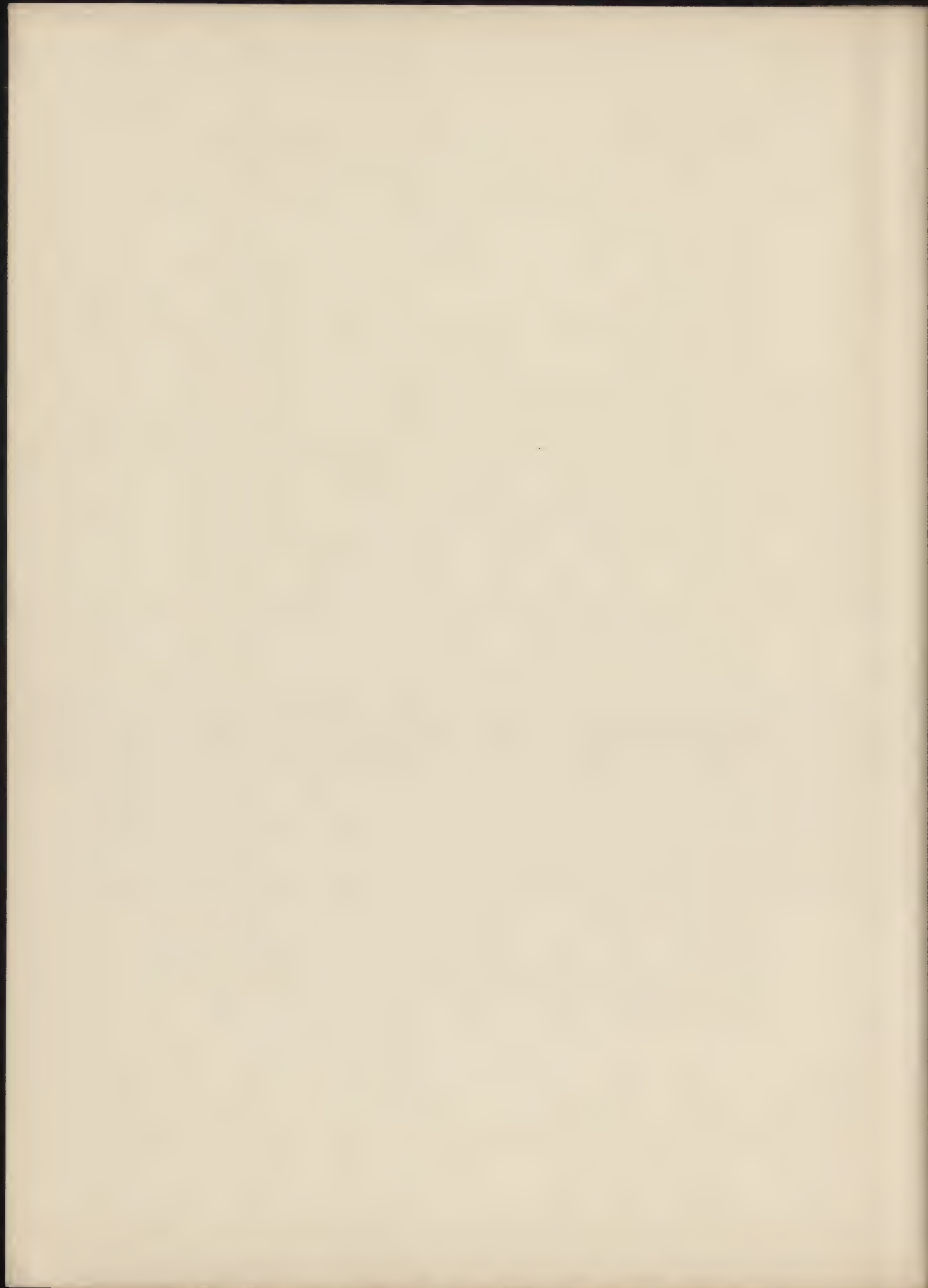


always thought of the city as of a place somewhat crumbling and moss-grown, with long streets, blindingly bright under the hot summer sun, and empty, save for a passing priest or a skin-clad peasant bringing in his hooded wine cart from the Campagna. ☛

His father had emigrated to America when he was about fourteen, and, after pushing an ice barrow through the streets, had accumulated enough money to start a little confectioner's shop in the Bowery of New York. On his father's death the shop became his, and by the time he was forty he had, with the frugality of his nation, saved enough to retire. All through these years of labour the dear memory of his native land had kept up the fires of his energy. To work: to save: to return! ☛

The incentive became a passion. The means and end were fused into one irresistible desire. So as soon as the goodwill and stock of the little shop were disposed of, he had taken the first steamer to Genoa—the first train to Rome—and found himself there, by good fortune, on the very morning of this the merriest of her Saturnalian days. ☛

His relatives lived in Naples. He would seek them out in a few days, he decided. Meanwhile he would take a modest lodging near the Campo-di-Fiori. How immensely lucky that it was Carnival time! He would see all the fun that was going. Nay! why shouldn't he join in it? He would get a mask and costume and have his fling. He would be young again for the nonce, and rollick with the best of them. He remembered the madcap revellings of his youth, with a clearness which defied distance



to lend any more enchantments to those he recalled so well. ♣ He even remembered a little shop in the Ripetta which used at these times to launch out into the letting of costumes, and deck itself—butterfly-like—with all the colours of the rainbow. He found his spirits rising every moment as he sped through the familiar streets. There was the shop, not dressed out as gaily as he seemed to remember it, but otherwise unchanged. ♣

He entered and asked for a Pierrot's dress. Such a deal seemed unexpected to the old woman who presided over the gloomy place. Welcoming him with a fervour which almost suggested the ministrant of a miracle, she told him that the trade in such things was dead, quite dead. She had only let out three other dresses during the whole week. Times were changed. The hearts of the Romans were too heavy for diversion. For the taxes were high, and the youth morose, and the blessed Church robbed of her own. Yet Angelo wouldn't or couldn't believe the dismal sentence; and when he began to "change," putting on the ungainly, flapping, delightful things with a certain gusto, exultation was in his blood. His spirits grew elastic—he couldn't account for it, but he suddenly seemed quite young, a boy again—with all the exhilaration that belongs, by right, to the most fortunate of seasons. ♣ He put on his mask with its wicked smirk, and the hat with its jaunty tilt, and then looked in the glass. Tricked out like this, he might be seventeen for aught that anyone could tell. He was seventeen to all intents and purposes. As he skipped downstairs and out into



the sunshine Time's glass was reversed for the moment, and he was as ready to tease or make incongruous love to the first pretty girl he met, as ever he had been in his merry boyhood. ♣

Swinging along towards the Corso, he noticed that the people glanced at him for a moment; but they only looked slightly surprised, they were not in the least amused; and the first chill little doubt came home to him. He met an English boy and girl who stared and giggled. They at least were amused. But it wasn't the right kind of merriment. It was unsympathetic—perhaps a little scornful. He felt uncomfortable. It must be the streets he thought. These broad new boulevards (he was in the Via Nazionale), with their brand new shops and tram lines, are incongruous to fantastic travestie. They seem too cold and clean and disconcertingly correct; and he turned with alacrity down a pinched, familiar bye street which satisfied every sense—for it even smelt of Rome. His spirits again winged upwards. His recaptured youth was still with him, and made him "heady" with a kind of irresponsible lightheartedness. It was all so strange (after twenty-five years in America) and yet so intensely familiar. ♣

With that vividness which only belongs to habitual things, all the incidents of the Carnivals of his early days came back to him. The unhealthy excitement (half dread, half delight) of the *barberi*—those bare-backed horses, urged to frenzy by jingling goads, and sent bolting madly down the too narrow human lane in the midst of the Corso. The race was of course a grossly barbarous survival;



so dangerous and with such numerous accidents, that it amounted to a scandal. In that lay the thrill! He recalled how once he and about twenty other boys in every sort of disguise had promenaded all afternoon in a gaudy car, throwing *confetti* and paper roses; and how they had danced together all night at a people's *Veglione*. He remembered his uncle, a staid watchmaker for the rest of the year, dressing up as a *balia* and taking him and his little sister out for a spree: he got up as a baby, she as an *arleechino*. What fun they had had at the *ballo popolare* in the *Piazza Navona* all evening! He almost blushed to remember a feast of other good things akin to these, if even more irresponsible. But I cannot refrain from adding that the blush was a blush of pleasure. They were all so part and parcel of the light-headed madness which used to come back to everyone, for this one giddy week. An infection of spirits so volatile that they caught like an epidemic which exonerated every indiscretion, however topsy-turvy. ♣ Preoccupied with his thoughts, he found himself in the famous *Corso*. There was the crowd—a greater crowd than ever perhaps—but it didn't seem to be making the most of its opportunity; it was simply gaping and dawdling in a desultory way, which was both new and disconcerting. The whole scene reminded him too much of Broadway. Where were the masks and costumes? There were none to be seen! What could have become of them? ♣ He wandered on and on and up and down. With falling spirits he threaded his way among his fellows. He began



to feel vaguely uncomfortable and then almost ashamed. He was making a fool of himself. And a sense of age and fatigue and melancholy came to him, as little by little the truth dawned upon him that Italy, after thousands of heedless years, had suddenly grown too old and careworn for any glad-some light-heartedness. And then came the thought, if his world had outlived such ingenuous pranks, surely he too was old enough to know better than to flaunt himself out of doors in grotesque motley such as this. He was ashamed of himself, and yet he was mortified at being made so ashamed. ♣ He felt quite cowed and harmless now and only hoped to escape further notice. There was nowhere especial to go to. He might as well dine at the *Falcone* as anywhere else, he decided; and he slowly made his way to the old *trattoria*. The falling dusk had thinned the streets, but had also brought out a few masks and dominoes who seemed to be taking advantage of its shelter, as though they were doing something unbecoming, if not illicit. ♣ All his morning's elasticity had departed. He was not exactly afraid to speak to them, but he felt it would be hardly worth while: disappointment (the childlike disappointment of a very childlike hope) had so deepened into depression. ♣ Suddenly his own forlorn condition came vividly before him. Here he was; alone in a city, virtually a new city. Nobody spoke to him—joked with him—noticed him. Why should they? He was a stranger. That was the word. It settled down on his soul with the bitterness which comes with a truth one cannot evade. His



twenty-five years of absence, which in the morning had vanished like a summer cloud, now rolled back over him, black with thunder. In its shadow he realised that he was middle-aged. His youth had gone like that of his nation. How utterly unbecoming this mummery seemed! He slunk into the *Falcone* and sat down at the furthest table where the light was dimmest. ☛ Still people stared a little. Two men whispered and smiled, looking him up and down. The lonely bitterness of his soul grew heavier and heavier. He drank the famous wine of the place, but it did him no good. There was nothing left for him but to go home to sleep off the memory of his momentary folly. To-morrow he would wake up a prosaic, more than half American tripper in a modernised first-class city of business, almost as American as himself. So deciding, he hurried towards the oblivion of bed. But as he gained the *Campo-dei-Fiori*, he caught up a band of maskers. There they were! a survival of other days! They had crossed his path too late to put heart in him, but at any rate there could be no harm in following them. Was he not a kind of brother in misfortune? They were just what they should have been—Pierrots and devils with falsetto voices of doubtful sex, that came squeaking out of copious dominoes in the correct accredited way. Laughter mingled with whisperings, and now and then one of the figures would dance a step or two in the brilliant gaslight. It was a kind of doubtful parody of the old-world fun of his boyhood. ☛ Following them he found himself at last at a *veglione* in one

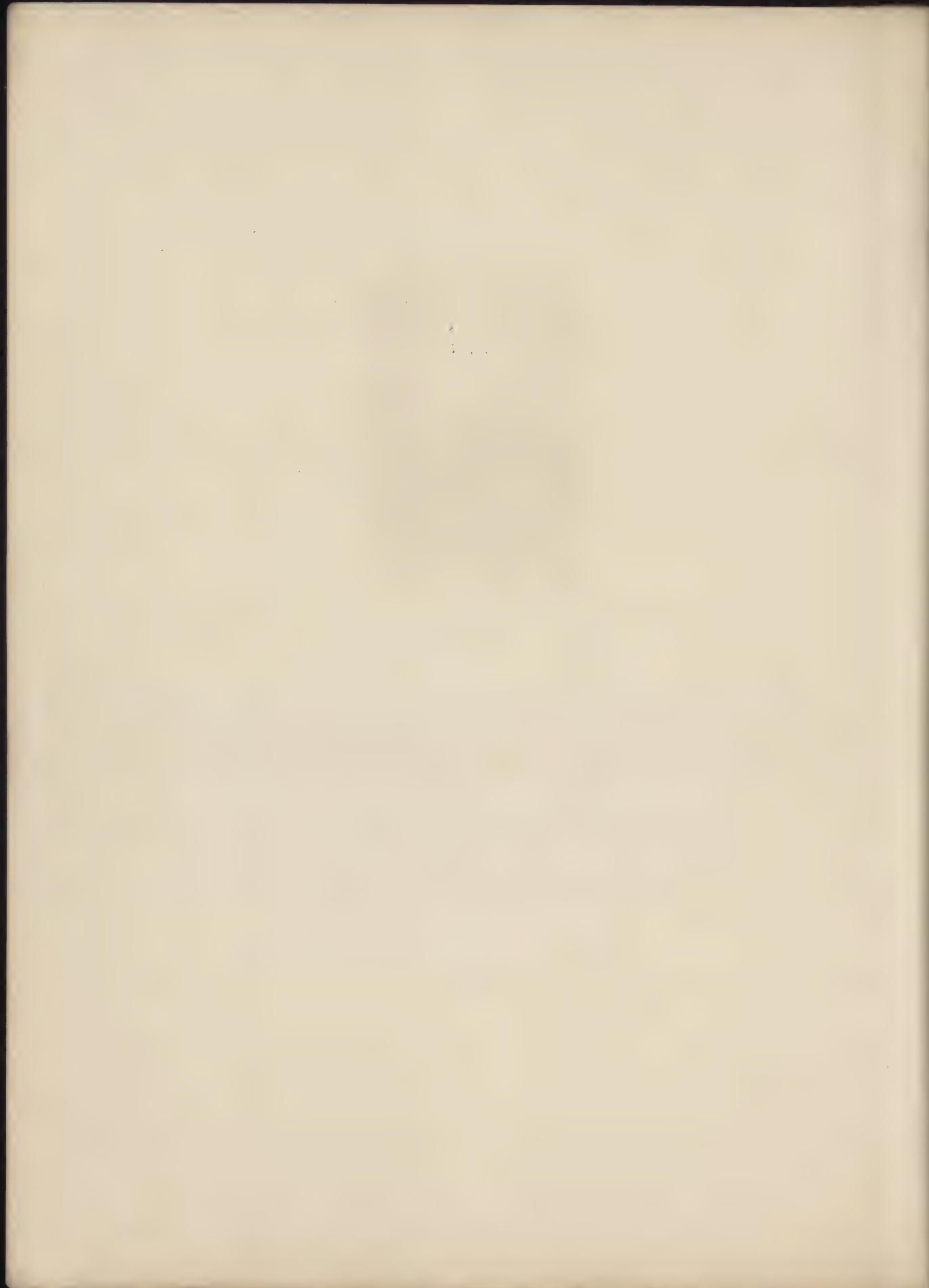


of the people's *Politeame*. It was crowded of course, but only with loiterers who might have come to see the fun (should there be any), but were obviously not there to contribute their share to it. A commonplace, cynical, lower middle class crowd, which loafed about and drank at the stalls in the wine fair round the floor. ♣ In the centre a dozen couples were dancing mechanically, but even the exercise looked like a duty to be dispatched as tamely and quickly as possible. ♣ Whilst he was standing—himself an on-looker—gloomily watching all this, he heard a voice at his elbow. It had just the right squeak and it came from a figure completely muffled in a domino, in the orthodox style. Yet he knew, all the same, that the voice was a woman's, and though he could not catch what she said, he instantly rallied. Here was an intrigue beginning! It would be but momentary of course—that was part of the correct tradition—but he would “play the game” in the humorous, amorous way expected, although his youthful ardour was gone for ever. ♣ So he answered with vivacity (in his highest falsetto) that he knew her perfectly, for did he not love her, and had he not waited for her all evening? ♣ The mask gave a little laugh, and then asked him suddenly, gently, but quite as a matter of course, “How much do they pay you a night for coming in costume?” “Pay me?” he stammered, “pay me?” “Of course. Why are we here, if we are not to be paid? No one would trouble to make a fool of himself, like that, for pleasure. They



give me my entrance and two lire a night, but this evening, as it is the last one, they've given me two-fifty." ♣ Angelo turned homewards. This then was the sad lesson his nation had been learning during his absence. He too had mastered it perfectly. ♣ And so, as he slowly divested himself of his fluttering finery and threw the hateful things into a corner, one by one—the last of the Pierrots passed away.







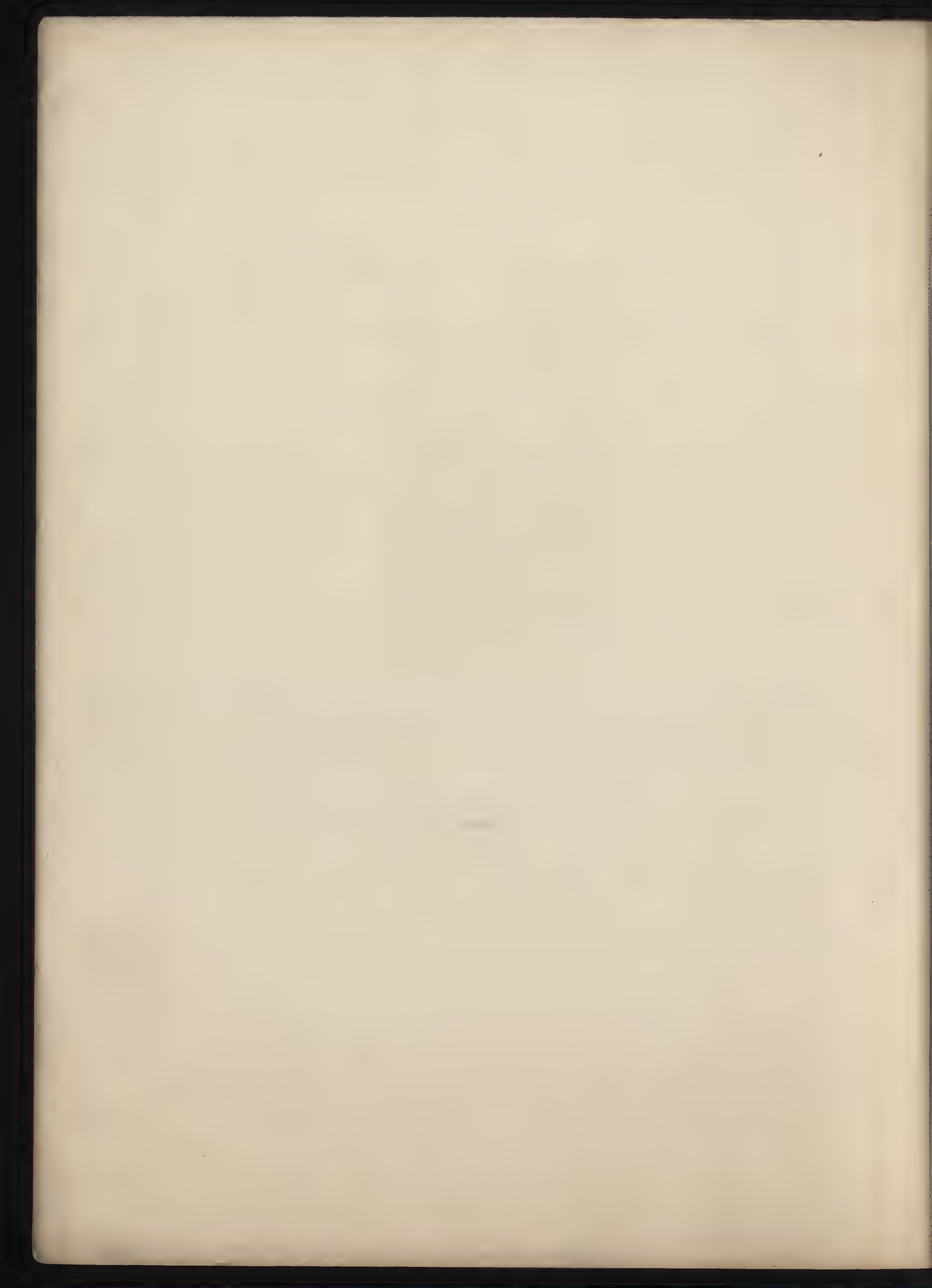
STARGAZING. DESIGNED AND ENGRAVED BY GORDON CRAIG

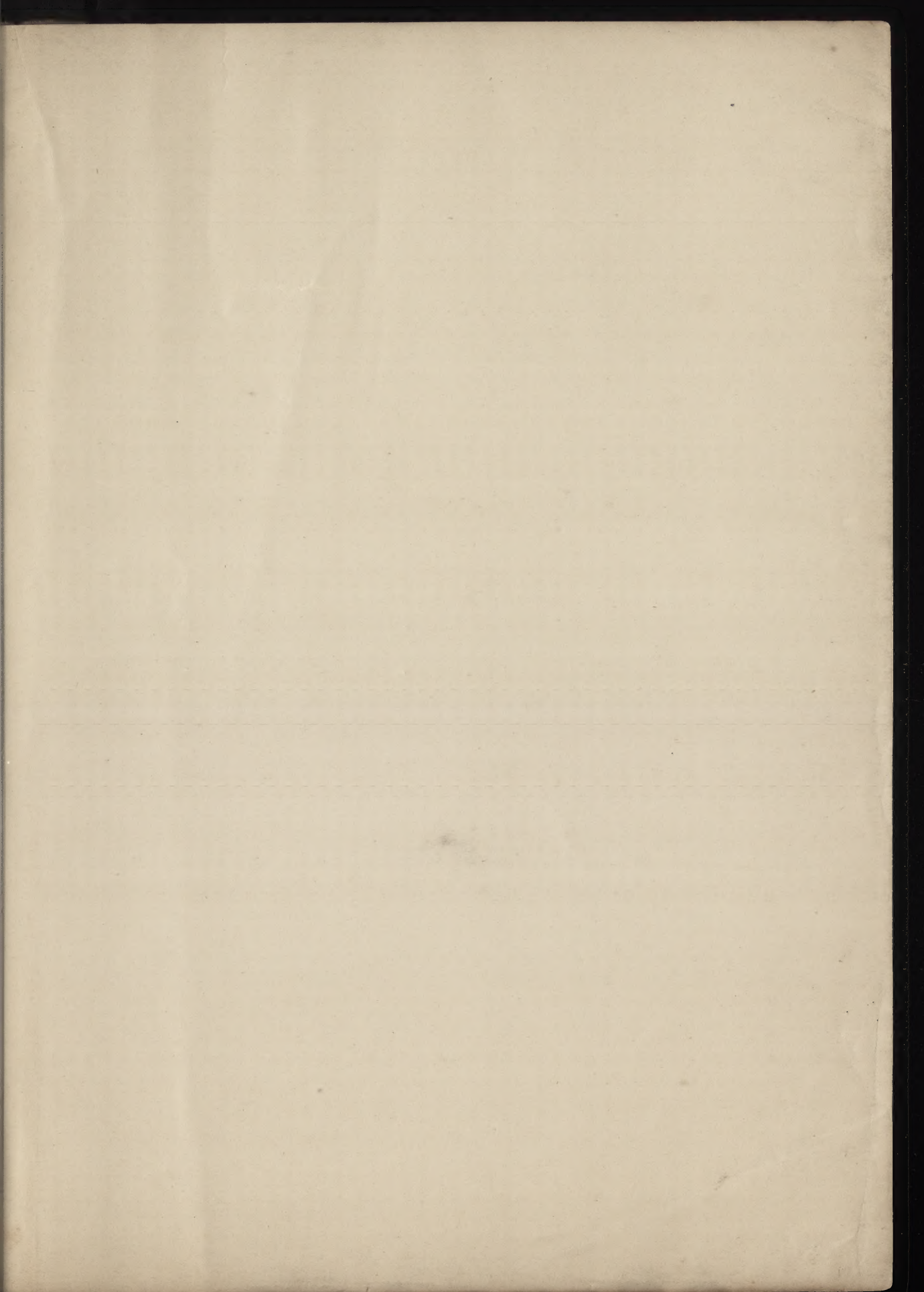


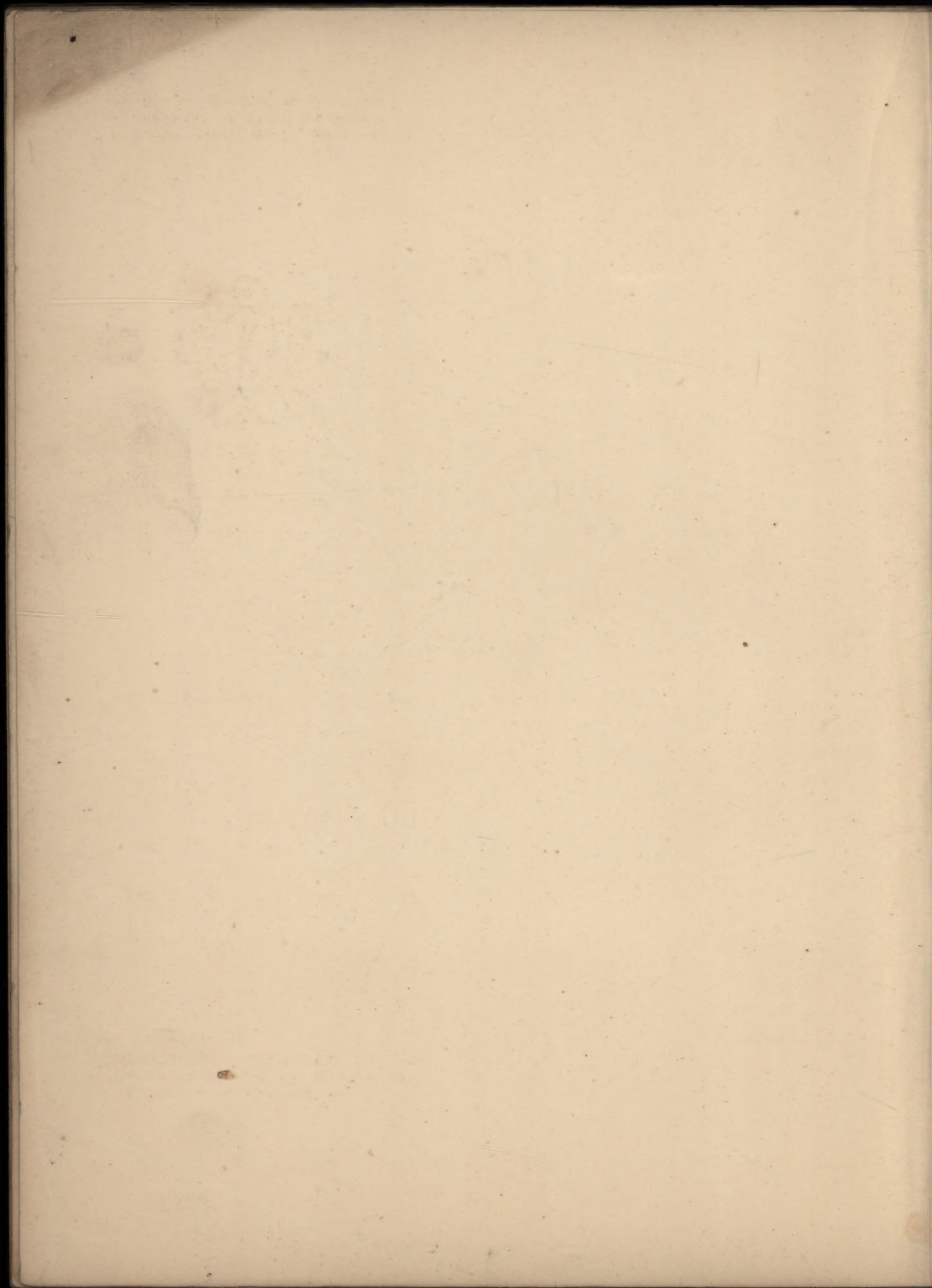


THINKING OF BALLOONS.

G.C.











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